

My Drunk Fics by iAmCC (orphan_account), Noth_lit_8

Category: IT (2017), Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Eleven & Jim "Chief" Hopper Parent-Child Relationship, I Was Drunk When I Wrote This, M/M, Richie Tozier Loves Eddie Kaspbrak

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: In-Progress

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Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 3

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Summary:

A collection of things I wrote while drinking the alcohols.

Tags will be added as the collection grows.

Each chapter will have its individual rating in the notes.

****I need writing prompts for this - they can be Stranger Things, SPN, IT, or even real dumb shit like fuckin Cake Boss or whatever you want ok thanks****

1. Hopper's Soap Addiction - Confirmed

Author's Note:

Rated T for strong language.

Okay so GUYS one time someone wrote a comment on my "El's Word Book" fic thinking that when I was referencing my headcanon of Hopper's soap addiction that he was addicted to like actual SOAP like washy scrubby dubby soap. And over the weekend I got drunk and remembered it and fucking DIED laughing and I wrote this.

It is a crack!fic

You could have happily gone your whole life without this but I keep fucking crying when I read over it just now so I thought I'd share.

El woke up in the middle of the night because she had to PEE. El shuffled herself out of bed and wrapped herself up in her blanket before scurrying out of her room to make her way to the bathroom. Just when she reached the living room and was about to enter the toilet chamber, she noticed something s t r a n g e. A strANGER THING.

There was a distinct smell of perfume and cleanliness leaking its way into the air, and it was coming from Hopper's room.

El thought this was a stranger thing considering Hopper was kind of gross and didn't always shower regularly, so normally his room spelled like [Eddie-from-IT-'s-voice] PISS AND SHIT so El was alarmed like a bell.

DING DONG THATS NOT RIGHT El thought and decided to investigate before using the bathroom.

"Hop? Hop, are you okay?" El called quietly into her dad's room. She received nothing but silence. "Dad?" She called again, this time more alarmedly.

Still getting no response and feeling the worry within her growing, El tentatively opened the door to make sure her beloved caregiver was a-ok.

But the sight before her was nothing she could have prepared herself for.

OH WHAT El screamed when she laid eyes on the room.

Soap.

Sop.

Mountains and mountains of soap. Blue soap, mint soap, oil-based soap, pink soap. They all sat in proud towers around the room. And in the midst of the madness was Hopper - divin his nose into the soaps like it was nobody's business.

El shrouded herself from the madness and screamed, altering Hopper of her presence. "El!" He cried. "I - I - I can explain this! Don't look! I'm so sorry you had to see!"

"Step the fuck up Richard" El replied, leaving to use the bathroom while Hopper basked in the glory of all his soaps.

FIN

2. A really shitty gc oneshot

Summary for the Chapter:

Rated T for TRASHMOUTH (aka cussing, references to LUBRICATIOn and also the word reich is there too)

I am obsessed with GC fics but I'm way too invested in writing Waves to actually write one so take this sliver of SHIT.

Richie - trollzier

Eddie - Macaroni

Bev - clev_er_bev

Mike - mikereich

Stan - tweettweet_bitch

Bill - Billville

Ben - Bean

GC: Losers or lovers - YOU decide

Bean: o k but eddie when did you change your handle
and why the fuck macaroni

clev_er_bev: ^bump

tweettweet_bitch: wait i think i get it

trollzier: it's bc of the vine with the amish lady and the mac and that good puss

Macaroni: try again

tweettweet_bitch: it's to spite Richie

clev_er_bev: I am invested in this explanation

tweettweet_bitch: it's in the pasta family like spaghetti

tweettweet_bitch: yet it will never be spaghetti

tweettweet_bitch: bc he'll never give Richie the satisfaction

trollzier: I can't get no ??satisfaction??

Bean: but what about the caps

Bean: Eddie's never done caps

Billville: Because it drives Richie crazy

Macaroni: all of that was freakishly accurate

Billville: teamwork!! @stan

mikereich: OTP

clev_er_bev: still a better love story than reddie

clev_er_bev: i mean Twilight

Macaroni: it's not my fault he's been asking to suck my dick since 6th grade

trollzier: i just came out here to have a good time and i'm honestly feeling so attacked right now

clev_er_bev: shusdjkf up rich you know we love you

tweettweet_bitch: I don't know what I've done to give that impression.

clev_er_bev: STWN

trollzier: [theyaskyouhowyouare.gif]

tweettweet_bitch: christ

Bean: Stan you're a jew

tweettweet_bitch: which means it's ok for me say christ

Bean: true dat true dat

trollzier: georgie is my only real friend

Billville: georgie loves everyone

Macaroni: I'm his favorite tho

clev_er_bev: um no?? watch yourself???

PM: Riche + Eddie

Macaroni: fun fact I love you

trollzier: funner fact I love you whether you're macaroni or spaghetti

Macaroni: okay I'm actually soft for that

are u visiting me tonight?

Chee??

trollzier: depends on if you can forgive me for what I just did

Macaroni: ... I don't know what to say to that

trollzier: ok just let me talk then

So I bought new lube for you bc you're my baby boy and I am an A
+ + boyfriend

Macaroni: I am worried and also blushing

trollzier: okay that's acceptable

So I was reading reviews online about it and had the bottle near me

And I was in the tube yes right this is critical to mention

*tube

*tub JFC

Macaroni: I am not laughing at you

trollzier: b A B E PLEASD

SO THERE was. Spider

And I smashed it with the bottle

Bc a certain little spaghetti wasn't there to kill it for me

And now the bottle has spider guts on it I am too scared to. Touch

Macaroni: is that it?

trollzier: y e s it was a wild ride

Macaroni: okay you giant fucking dork come over now

trollzier: ...do I have to bring the bottle? It has. Guts.

Macaroni has changed his name to spaghetti

trollzier: omg okay I'll bring it

Bean: are we just not gonna address that mike has a reference to the nazis in his handle??

mikereich: you've asked enough questions today

Notes for the Chapter:

This exists....because....I ALSO....just smashed a spider with a bottle of lube.....it might not actually be that funny.....but I SURE THOUGHT IT WSAS

Eddie killing spiders for scardy cat Richie is my

aesthetic.

3. mIKE WAZOWSKI

Summary for the Chapter:

Prompt from iAmCC: OKAY OKAY OKAY. Write this story when you're drunk: Lucas/Max: "Does Mike Wazowski wink or blink?" "IT'S THREE IN THE FUCKING MORNING."

Notes for the Chapter:

This is so pure :^)
Rated T for language

The radio was silent because it was three in the morning and Max and Lucas had school the next day, but Max couldn't sleep. She had racing thoughts sometimes - often they randomly occurred during the daytime, often at the worst times possible. But at night, if she stayed up just a little too late, and had just a little too long of a day, they opened up a floodgate.

Sometimes it was stuff that Max really didn't want to think about because it was icky and sad and left her examining the question from all different angles until she simply fell asleep.

When Angels sing, what language do they speak?

What animal was she in a previous life? She'd like to think she was a crocodile, but worried she was more of a octopus (tentacles are gross).

Did her parents name her Max because they had been hoping for a boy?

Why the actual fuck does the caged bird sing? Did they ever figure that out?

But sometimes it was weird shit. Like super weird shit, and Max couldn't help those either. Even if they didn't make her feel all icky, they still kept her up with racing thoughts.

What do peanut butter and jelly actually think about PB&J Halloween costumes? Do they struggle to find their individuality?

Is there a universe in which she roller-skated instead of skateboarded?

That girl in monster's ink...how did she actually have living creatures on her head? Or were they her - just extensions of her? Do they have to mate on her head so they can rep- ew no gross[™] Max stop

Does Mike Wazowski wink or blink?

Wait, actually, that's a pretty good one. How the fuck would we ever-

"MAX?"

Max nearly jumped out of her skin at the unexpected vocal intruder, but she recognized the voice immediately. She had known Lucas for two years now, and even if they still hadn't really defined their relationship, she could tell the sound of his voice if it was through a series of ten radios.

"Lucas? It's late - what are you doing up?"

"Me? What about you? I just called because my sister stole my radio and I wanted to make sure she didn't say anything crazy to you/"

Max ha-ha'd. " No, I haven't heard anything."

"God, that's good to hear. She's kind of a loose cannon" (author's note: or CANON)

"Don't worry about it."

They paused, content to just know the other was awake and thinking about them.

"What are you up to?" Lucas asked.

"Not much," Max replied. "Does Mike Wazowski wink or blink?"

There was a long silent in which Max thought Lucas may have left his radio or tuend it off. "You ther?"

Still pause, until: "It's three in the fucking morning."

Max sighed but a smile twitched at the corner of her mouth. "Yes, I know. Now, does Mike Wazowski wink or blink?"

Another pause. "Go the fuck to sleep."

Max laughed and laid back on her pillows. She still didn't know the answer, but sleep finally found her.

When Neil came in at six to wake her up, she was super tired from being up so late, but just as she was about to get dressed, she heard the radio go off.

"Come in, Max?"

Max went over and picked it up. "Lucas?"

"Yeah, it's me. I thought about what you said last night."

What did I even say last night?

"Yeah?" Max answered instead.

"Yeah, and he definitely does both. If he does it because he needs to like for normal stuff, he's blinking. But if he does it on purpose, he's winking."

Max paused. "Honestly, I was super over the question."

Lucas laughed on the other end. "Well, I wasn't."

“...did you stay yp all night to figure this out for me?” Silence.
“Lucas?”

“Don’t worry about it.”

“Christ. See ya at school. I love you.”

“Yeah see...waIT WHAT”

Author's Note:

I don't?? know what to say.